

W.

THE
HAUNTED TOWER:

A
COMIC OPERA
IN THREE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, CROW-STREET.

D U B L I N:

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Harding D608



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

LORD WILLIAM, (<i>under the title</i> <i>of Sir Palamede</i>)	}	Mr. Kelly.
BARON OF OAKLAND,	-	Mr. Duncan.
DE COURCI,	-	Mr. Davenport.
HUGO,	-	Mr. Barret.
LEWIS,	-	Mr. Gaudry.
ROBERT,	-	Mr. Meadows.
MARTIN,	-	Mr. Owenfon.
CHARLES,	-	Mr. Stewart.
HUBERT,	-	Mr. Dowling.
EDWARD,	-	Mr. Palmer.

WOMEN.

LADY ELEANOR	-	Miss R. Ryder.
CICELY,	-	Mrs. Hitchcock.
MAUD,	-	Mrs. Davenport.
ADELA,	-	Mrs. Crouch.

*Servants, Huntsmen, Tenants, Cooks, Fishermen,
Peasants, Knights, Country Girls, &c.*

THE HAUNTED TOWER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The coast of Kent at a distance. Oakland castle is seen at the top of a hill—a storm, thunder and lightning—a boat appears, from which several attendants on Lady Eleanor land.

CHORUS.

Of Fishermen, Peasants, and Attendants on Lady Eleanor.

*To Albion's genius raise the strain,
Whose pow'r has aw'd the angry main;
And gives us shelter on the coast
Of this blest isle—old ocean's boast.*

*See, returning from the deep,
Distant lightnings harmless sweep,
The storm condemn'd to lose its prey,
In hollow murmurs dies away.*

[A second Boat appears, from which Lady Eleanor and Cicely land.]

CICELY.

DARE I congratulate your Ladyship on your safe arrival on the English shore?

Lady EL. Alas! had a storm opposed our landing, I might have been spared a world of sorrow.

A 3

Cic.

CIC. Are you then resolved to obey the commands of a father—to fall a victim to his ambition, and marry the son of the Baron of Oakland, whom you have never seen?

Lady EL. Yes, at least at present I persuade myself I am.

CIC. And to quit poor Sir Palamede—to quit him who loves you.

Lady EL. Where was he when I left my father's castle? Why did he not bid me adieu?

Enter Lewis with Maud.

LEWIS (*to Lady Eleanor.*) All your attendants are arrived, my Lady.—It's a long way, my Lady, from the Baron's Castle; but this good woman has a cottage hard by, and an excellent fire; if I might now advise your Ladyship, it would be to go and roast your nose for about half an hour.

CIC. (*to Lewis.*) Where are you going?—Wait here for Lady Eleanor's attendants, and tell them where they might find us—and do you hear—let me charge you, sirrah, the next voyage you take, to keep yourself sober.

Exeunt all but Lewis:

LEW. What the Devil! am I to stand here like a sign-post?—Is this all the reward I get for finding out a house to receive them?—Oh dear, Oh dear—Oh Lord, it's the fate of genius to be making discoveries by which others may profit,—I spent all my money, and got drunk in France—I began to come to myself when I was *half-seas* over, and landed in all the horrors of complete sobriety and an empty pocket—ah! who's this?—eh—no—yes—It is my dear master.

Enter Sir Palamede.

PAL. Lewis!

LEW. Oh yes, Sir, it was Lewis till he was frozen into an icicle—oh Lord how did you get over Sir?

PAL.

PAL. In the same ship with you, and disguised from the knowledge of Lady Eleanor.

LEW. I guess the rest, you're a happy man, Sir, you're in love, and don't feel cold—no, not you.—Oh dear, I wish I was either in love or in liquor, and then I should have warmth enough in me to brave the weather.

PAL. I saw your Lady land, where is she?

LEW. In that cottage (*pointing to the cottage*)—I wish I was there too.

PAL. Go, and tell her instantly, that I entreat permission to fulfil my duty in attending her.

LEW. But may I say, Sir, that it was by your orders?

PAL. Yes. [*Exit Lewis.*] To what a wayward fate am I subjected to love without hope, and pursue disappointment.

AIR.

*From hopes fond dream though reason wakes,
In vain she points with warning band,
I dread advice I cannot take,
Love's pow'rful spells my steps command.*

*The bird thus fascination binds;
When darting from these serpent's eyes
The fatal charm too late she finds,
She struggles and admiring dies.*

Exit.

Scene changes to the inside of a Cottage.

Enter Lady Eleanor, Cicely and Lewis following.

Lady EL. Sir Palamede to see me—in the same ship that brought me over, and coming here this instant.

LEW. Yes, Madam; if he is not frozen by the way, which an't at all impossible.

Lady EL. Assist me Heaven, to conceal my joy. (*Aside*) What can Sir Palamede mean by thus following me.

Enter

Enter Sir Palamede.

Sir PAL. Pardon my presumption, an humble dependent on the Lord De Courci may well dread this presumption.

Lady EL. The clandestine manner in which you left my father's court, renders it impossible for me to consider you as his friend.

Sir PAL. I have long, madam, loved you in secret, and should have fallen a silent sacrifice to my presumptuous love.

Lady EL. Did love ever teach you to shrink from my father's presence to triumph over his daughter's weakness—did I say—weakness.

CIC. Why did you follow my Lady?

Lady EL. Ay, why did you follow me?

Sir PAL. Destiny compelled me hither—compelled me to a land where my footsteps are forbidden—where I am considered as a traitor—where even my presence is treason.

Lady EL. What can he mean?—Ah Palamede I dread to enquire—yet, what have you to fear.

Sir PAL. Nothing, if I have lost you.

AIR. Lady Eleanor.

Tho' pity I cannot deny,

Ah! what will that avail you?

Alas, I dare not hope supply,

For hope too sure would fail you.

I think when the flatterer shall deceive,

In vain you will repent you,

Yet should you hope without leave,

'Tis true I can't prevent you.

My hand directed to bestow.

In England here I'm landed,

And daughters always as you know,

Just as they are commanded.

Then

*Then let not flattering hope deceive,
Or else you will repent you,
Yet, should you hope without my leave,
'Tis true I can't prevent you.*

Exeunt Lady El. and Cic.

Enter Maud and Martin.

MAUD. Sir, may I be so bold as to ask if your honour means to go with the Lady—*(to Palamede)*—here's my grandson Martin is to be the guide to the Baron's castle.

Sir PAL. To the Baron's castle!—do you know the Baron of Oakland?

MAUD. Lackaday your honour, I knew him a long while before he was so great a man.—

MART. Yes, and so have I, he did not hold his head so high when he was plain Edmund the ploughman,

Sir PAL. Who is this Lord?

MAUD. Lack-a-daisey your honour, I do not like to speak ill of one's betters behind their backs.

MART. One don't like to do that, for fear as how it should come to their ears.

MAUD. Besides it does not become poor folk.

MART. No your honour, as my grandmother says, it does not become poor folk.

Sir PAL. It becomes every one to speak the truth.

MART. Not poor folks, your honour.

MAUD. Your honour may have known that about ten years ago, Lord William the late Baron, was accused of a conspiracy against King William the Conqueror's life, and was banished—he took his only son, a fine youth about twelve years of age with him, and neither of them have been heard of since.

Sir PAL. I am all impatience.

MAUD. Last year Lord Williams' accuser died, and on his death-bed confessed the good Baron innocent;—the King wishing to repair the wrongs he had done, took every means to discover Lord William,

ham, but without effect ;—at length he gave his lands to the next heir, the present Lord——

Enter Cicely.

CIC. Yes, and a pretty fellow he is for a Lord—
I believe you may retire good woman. *(To Maud.)*

MAUD. Good woman!—marry come up, have
I lived so long to be called *good woman* by a lady's
waiting maid—come along Martin— *Exit Maud.*

MART. Good woman indeed! *Exit Martin.*

CIC. I have heard the whole story.

SIR PAL. Oh! Cicely.—

CIC. Oh! Cicely—you may spare yourself a
long speech—you're in a dilemma, you have not wit
enough to extricate yourself, and want my assistance.
I pity you upon my word, though I cannot help
laughing at you.

SIR PAL. I have reasons for wishing to accom-
pany Lady Eleanor to the castle—reasons which you
cannot know.

CIC. The accident was lucky that prevented
Lady Eleanor's mother from coming on shipboard, I
have a scheme in my head, but leave it all to me,
you must not make your appearance till we are on
the point of setting out.

SIR PAL. I'm at a loss to know how to thank
you. *Exit Sir Pal.*

CIC. I am glad of it—thanks would take up too
much of our time, so begone.—Now for our expe-
dition—I long to see this Baron they talk of—I
would we were on our way thither, dear curiosity,
how I long to gratify thee.

AIR.

*Nature to woman still so kind,
Among her best boons bestowing,
What every female sure must find,
A wondrous desire to be knowing.*

Man,

*Man, the proud and envious elf,
So jealous of our discerning,
Discovers in us what he finds in himself,
The wish for whatever's worth knowing. Exit.*

Scene changes to a field near the castle—the sea and a light-house at a distance.

Enter Robert and Archers.

AIR—Robert and Chorus.

*Hark! the sweet horn proclaims afar,
Against the flag the mimic war,
While future heroes hearts rebound,
And pant to hear the trumpet sound.*

*The warlike genius of our isle,
Who on the hunter deigns to smile,
In echoes gives the chase applause,
Which strings the nerve for glory's cause,*

*Where'er the dæmonic chase may bend,
Still freedom shall our steps attend,
And bid us, as her pleasures rise,
Defend the pleasures which we prize.*

Rob. Here comes Edward, our young master.

Enter Edward.

Edw. (Speaking as he enters.) How are my boys—Robert how do you—

[Adelaide peeping out of the window.]

Rob. Does your honour hunt to-day?

Edw. No, Robert, not this morning.

Rob. What,—does your honour give up the chase when the game is in view.

Edw. Hush—that, Robert, it my Adela—not a word, she came here but yesterday, unknown to any body—if you betray the secret—

Rob.

ROB. I am your father's butler, the post above all others I love, and while I have the care of the wine cellar, I care not a farthing how the world wags—so I am going a hunting.

EDW. That's a good fellow—Robert—not a word to Adela about the Haunted Tower—if you mention a syllable you will frighten her away from the castle instantly. *Exit Robert.*

EDW. Here comes father strutting so—egad he did not strut so when he followed the plough.

Enter the Baron of Oakland, attended by his servants.

BAR. Hey day—where are all your servants?—how dare you let me see you alone—*(to Edward.)*

EDW. Lord, Father, if one's always to move in a crowd, one might as well be bell-weather to a flock of sheep.

BAR. Have a care how you put me in a passion, you have been civil to these rascals, I know you have, you're always so plaguy civil—why don't you frown at them as I do—how often have I told you that nothing supports dignity like ill-humour—you've no ambition, you have no pride—I'll break your bones if you an't proud.

EDW. I can't help nature.

BAR. Nature—don't tell me about nature—look at me—I am naturally as vulgar, and as easily pleased as any body—but I defy the best friend I have, to say they ever had a good word of me since I have been the Baron of Oakland—an't I the terror of the whole country?

EDW. Yes, that you are, especially since you imprisoned the poor fellow for catching a hare, when it came out since that he was innocent.

BAR. Eh, innocent, faith I'm very sorry for it—that is, I should be very sorry if I was not a Baron—there's some money for him *(gives money to Edward)* but don't let him know I sent it him—tell him that I'm in a cursed rage, and don't know whether I sha'nt

sha'nt hang him—no man shall dare say that I'm in the wrong—justice holds her seat in my bosom, and is to all persons equal, and indifferent.

EDW. (*Aside*) Very indifferent, indeed!

BAR. What's that you say, firrah?

EDW. Why what's the matter with you now?

BAR. 'Tho' I teach you to behave ill to others, that's no reason you should behave so to me—do you know who I am?—the Baron of Oakland!—Does not all dignity flow from me?

EDW. Yes it *all* flows from you pretty fast—none of it stops with you, (*Aside*.)

BAR. Don't grumble, firrah:—prepare to receive the Baron de Courcy's daughter, the lady intended for your wife;—I expect her arrival every day.

EDW. But suppose I don't like her?

BAR. You shall marry her nevertheless—ay, and *love* her too, if I like—tho' I believe I shan't insist upon that.—(*Servants burst into a fit of laughter.*) Why, you scoundrels—how dare you laugh in my presence! I'll have no man in my service who does not pay a proper respect to my dignity.

Exit Baron, beating off the servants.

EDW. I shall be too cunning for the old fellow yet. I am determined to marry no one but Adela. Adela! Adela!—(*knocks at the cottage door, then retires.*)

Enter Adela from the cottage.

AIR—Adela.

*Whither my love, ah whither art thou gone,
Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn,
Say—by thy heart can falsehood e'er be known,
Ah—no—no—no—I judge it by my own.*

*The heart he gave with so much care,
Which treasur'd in my bosom I wear,*

*Still for its master beats alone,
I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.*

[Edward advances.]

ADEL. Ah, my Edward, I have a thousand questions to ask you—is Lady Eleanor arrived?

EDW. No, she is not, so that all you have to do, is to dress yourself in the clothes I gave you, and so pass upon father for her.

ADEL. Egad and so I will—I always longed to be a great lady—but how shall I contrive to behave like one?

ED. Egad I can't tell you—but it don't signify—any thing will pass on father.

ADEL. But are you sure the old Baron has not much dignity about him—if he has, I shall be dumb-founded in a minute—I shall only stammer, and look foolish.—Now, tell me, Edward, is he very like a gentleman?

EDW. Heaven help you; father is no more like a gentleman than I am.

ADEL. The presence of your great folks always takes away my breath, and though I hem, and hem, for an hour together, the devil a word can I get out.

EDW. It's exactly the same way with me—tho' I am a Baron's son, I never feel myself so great a man as when I am among the servants;—I hate talking to my betters.

ADEL. I'm glad of it—I was afraid you would have forgot the poor Adela, for the rich Lady Eleanor.

EDW. What! marry a Lady of quality!—I should be a lost man—I should never be able to make free with her, and if she was to use me ever so ill, I could never venture to scold her.

ADEL. But when you marry me, Edward—

EDW. Oh! Adela, I love you so much that I could scold you with all the satisfaction imaginable.

ADEL. And will you love me always, Edward?—won't marriage—

Never

EDW. Never fear—love has hitherto been our constant companion, and I warrant you he will follow us to the church.

ADEL. But I fear, Edward, that he has a sad knack of leaving couples at the church door.

EDW. No!—no!—Love and marriage are better friends than you think—for—

ADEL. Perhaps they are best friends at a distance.

EDW. Never fear, like true friends, love and marriage must unite to perfect the happiness of both.—Oh! Adela! when I come to the title and estate, and you are my Lady!—

ADEL. We shall be as happy as the day is long.

EDW. And the night into the bargain.

ADEL. Then we shall have such dancing.

EDW. And such tilting and cudgel play.

ADEL. And then such fine company—and such fine talking and singing—

EDW. And such eating and drinking—

DUET.

ADEL. *Will great Lords and Ladies,
Dress'd up on gay days,
Come to visit you and I—*

EDW. *All smiling, bowing,
Great friendship vowing
While we hold our heads so high.*

ADEL. *But should the fine gentry smoke us,
Lud, how they'll joke us,
How they'll laugh at silly me.*

EDW. *Pshaw we shall be ever,
Reckon'd vastly clever,
While our pocket's full, d'ye see.*

ADEL. *Then ev'ry day—*

EDW. *New joys shall bring,*

ADEL. *And ever gay,*

EDW. *We'll dance and sing.*

Both. *Fal, la, de ral, &c.*

[Both dancing.]

ADRL. *Of great fortune vaunting,
Low people taunting,
Dignity we must support.*

EDW. *Many high Baron's bouncing,
Fine ladies flouncing,
We may chance to go to court.*

ADRL. *Well 'fegs I care not
Court tho' we share not
If at home we happy be—*

EDW. *Soon I may be bold
To hope that I shall hold
A little Baron on my knee.*

ADRL. *Then ev'ry day—*

EDW. *New joys, &c. &c.*

Exeunt.

Scene changes to a wood.

Enter De Courci, and attendants.

DE COUR. We must remain here till I procure some intelligence of the object of my search—my sister and her attendants must certainly be on board that ship we saw in the last storm.

Enter Charles.

DE COUR. What intelligence, Charles, of my sister?

CHAR. Lady Eleanor, my Lord, is before us on the road to Oakland Castle, which is no great distance.

DE COUR. And Sir Palamede?

CHAR. I am sorry to say, my Lord, that he is with her.

DE COUR. Confusion and dishonour, but I will pursue him, and revenge the wrongs of my family;—in the mean time, Charles, do you go and procure all the intelligence you can; I shall wait for you within a mile of the castle.

Exeunt De Courci and attendants.

CHAR.

CHAR. I will go, for its my duty. Would I were in Normandy again—nothing could have tempted me to leave it, but the regard I have for so good a master.

AIR.

*My native land I bid adieu,
And calmly friendship's joys resign,
But ah! how keen my sorrows grew,
When my love I left behind.*

*Yet should her truth feel no decay,
Should absence prove my charmer kind,
Then shall I not lament the day,
When my love I left behind.*

Exit.

Scene changes to the inside of a cottage.

Enter Lady Eleanor, Cicely, and Sir Palamede.

LADY EL. I own to you, Palamede, that I am shocked at the account I hear of him, whom I must soon call my husband; yet, though I cannot disobey my father's commands, if he persists, I will delay the execution of them.

CIC. In short, my lady consents to our scheme of passing for Lady Eleanor's attendants at the castle, and remaining unknown there till further news arrives from the Baron her father.

SIR PAL. Transporting tidings!—

TRIO.

Palamede, Cicely, and Lady Eleanor.

*Against the shaft of cruel fate,
Why cannot nature prove a charm,
And of her blind misguided hate,
Capricious destiny disarm.*

*Yet who engaged in virtue's cause,
To tread her paths would fear confess,
And on the road reluctant pause,
Because it leads not to success.*

Exeunt Omnes.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

Scene a Chamber in the Baron's Castle.

Enter Robert and Hugo.

ROBERT.

MAKE yourself perfectly easy, friend Hugo—
every thing shall be in good order to receive
Lady Eleanor.

HUGO. I hope so, for the honour of the family—
'tis near sixty years since I was first a servant in the
castle; I have seen three possessors of it, and have
been handed down from father to son with the rest
of the old furniture.

ROB. And a fine piece of English oak you are:

HUGO. I remember the death of Edmund Iron-
sides—the restoration of Canute—the Harolds—
the Hardicanutes—and good King Edward the Con-
fessor.—I remember also the Old Baron who now
haunts the old chamber.

ROB. No more of that Hugo—that is a melan-
choly subject.

HUGO. Ah! Robert, I wish you remembered as
much as I do.

ROB. Very true, but egad, I'm just as well
pleased to remain as I am.

HUGO. I hope we shall have music and dancing
enough for the honour of Lord Edward.

ROB. Yes, yes, when a man is desperate enough
to attack matrimony, the more noise and bustle the
better.

better ; it is like trumpets in a battle, it prevents cowardice, and drowns reflection.

Hu. I hope the pikes and staves are burnished up, the armour put in order, and the *borns* in the great hall dusted.

Rob. Horns are most ominous wedding decorations—I have therefore ordered them to be taken down.

Hu. Bless my soul, they have been in the family these fifty years.

Rob. For that reason the beautiful Lady Eleanor ought not to see them.

Hu. Is she so beautiful, then ?

Rob. What, Hugo, do you admire beauty yet.

Hu. I never yet could see a beauteous form without admiration—the setting sun may surely cheer my sight, though it cannot warm my heart.

Exit Hugo.

Rob. I hope Adela has got her fine clothes on—Oh here she comes—

Enter Adela dressed as a fine Lady.

Ad. Here I am made a fine Lady at last—but how long shall I remain so ?

Rob. Why, Madam, you are in the high road to success.

Ad. Ay, but the way has so many windings, one is never sure of being right.

Rob. What, with such a guide, madam, as merit ?

Ad. Ay, but they say merit is not very well acquainted with the road—is not the Baron coming ?—now after all I wish the meeting was over.

Rob. You have no idea how much you look like a lady of quality.

Ad. Indeed !

Rob. Nature certainly intended you for a fine lady.

Ad. Then, indeed, Sir, she was very much mistaken, for I never could in my life tell a lie without blushing ;

blushing; so I am sure I shall never do for a fine lady.

ROB. I hope you have your lesson by heart.

AD. Let me see,—I am the Lady Eleanor De Courci, and came over from Normandy to-day—did not I, Sir?

ROB. Yes, you did, madam—

AD. Left my servants on the road, I was so anxious to pay my respects to the Baron of Oakland.

ROB. You did.

AD. Oh, but I have forgot one thing—I do not know yet who my father is.

ROB. That may happen in the best regulated families—but I'll tell you—your father is the Baron De Courci of Normandy, a great favourite of King William's—the King wrote to your father, recommending the marriage.

AD. Wrote to my father—well, I'll try—but 'tis not very easy to remember, you know, what never happened.

ROB. I will go and acquaint the Baron with your arrival—and pray be careful in what you say.

AD. You may depend upon it, Sir, I shall not speak truth, if I can possibly help it (*Exit Robert*) these gay trappings are intolerably in my way, I wish I could fancy myself in my easy day clothes—but I can't forget that I am fine, when I think where I am, and my errand here—I cannot help wondering at my own confidence—surely nothing but love could have inspired it, and to gain my dear Edward, I would attempt a thousand times more.

A I R.

*By my tender passion, soother of care,
Life's choicest blessing—shield from despair,
Do not deceive me,
Ah! never leave me,
Still may my bosom thy power declare.*

*In vain thy influence fools may revile,
 Constancy ever gains thy smile,
 Whose falsehood dares thy laws prophane,
 Resolved I brave all danger
 To ev'ry fear a stranger,
 Thy sweet reward, O love, to gain,
 Then let me combat not in vain,
 But in my triumph share,
 Thy smiles, for which I bravely dare.*

Here comes his Lordship I vow—now for it—

Enter the Baron and Robert.

BAR. (*Aside to Robert.*) A very pretty lady,
 Robert—devilish fine eyes!—

AD. (*Aside.*) Ah! my courage fails me—its all
 over!

BAR. How cursed unlucky to be taken thus by
 surprize—what shall I say—I have not got my
 speech in my pocket—I believe she is cursed proud—
 she turns her back on me.

AD. Now he's laughing at my awkwardness, I
 wish he would but speak—(*aside.*)

BAR. If it must be so, here goes—though I wish
 she would speak first (*aside*)—Ma'am—my Lady—
 my Lady J—J—Joy—my Lady J—oy—my Lady,
 it sometimes creates a confusion in the mind, and
 happiness—and happiness when complete, and joy
 and happiness—I hope your Ladyship is pretty well?

AD. Pure well, I thank your Lordship—Oh! I'm
 glad 'tis over—the first word is a great matter—

BAR. I perceive she is not very high bred, for
 she is very condescending—it was very good in your
 Ladyship to be in such a hurry to come and see us,
 and leave all your attendants on the road—but since
 your Ladyship is come in a hop as I may say, why
 I hope you will excuse all fault.

AD. O yes, my Lord, I'll excuse all your faults,
 with a great deal of pleasure.

BAR.

BAR. Hem—all my faults—she has found me out already (*aside*) yes, my lady, we have all our failings, to be sure, but provided folks be of a good family, I don't see that it signifies much.

AD. Very true—for tho' people are a little bashful and awkward before company—oh! they are not a bit the worse for that—

BAR. Not a bit—not a bit—(*aside*) that's a hit at me.

AD. When one is not much used to company, you know one is very apt to look like a fool.

BAR. Yes—yes—so one is (*Baron and Adela laugh*) cursed satirical toad (*aside*) my Lady we will talk of something else, if you please;—how does the good Baron your father do?—I respect a man of his *great* family.—

AD. Oh yes, he has family enough to be sure.—

BAR. Proud enough of her high blood tho'—No offence to your Ladyship—I believe my family is equal to his.

AD. Indeed I thought Edward was his only child—(*aside*) indeed, my Lord.

BAR. Indeed my lady!—Now my blood is up, I could say any thing—and let me tell your Ladyship whatever expectations you may have formed of a great family, you will not be disappointed if you marry my son.

AD. Upon my word you make me laugh.

BAR. So it seems, but your Ladyship need not have been so polite as to have told me.

AD. Now you are affronted, and I vow I cannot tell why.

BAR. Did you not tell me of your father's great family?

AD. Yes, he has eleven of us, boys and girls. I am the oldest, poor, 'tis true.—Oh dear, my fright has betrayed me—(*aside*.)

BAR. Indeed this is some great quality joke, for I don't understand it.

Enter Edward.

BAR. To her—don't be bashful—muster up your whole stock of impudence, for the honour of your family—if you are bashful, you dog, I'll disinheret you—

EDW. Who, I bashful—thank you for that—we people of fashion know what's what—*perdigiously* happy to see your Ladyship—left all friends at Normandy well—all right and tight, I hope, my Lady—

AD. Yes, Sir.

EDW. Had good weather and a good ship—your Ladyship had no sea sickness—we people of fashion are subject to sea sickness—an't we father—*[taking bold of Adela's hand.]*

BAR. The boy's assurance astonishes me! Oh! he has touched her hand, and caught it of her I see.

EDW. *(To Adela aside.)* I'll bring you off with the old fellow—monstrous well indeed—monstrous well—very good *[Adela and Edward laugh and are then joined by the Baron who laughs foolishly]* Lady Eleanor, father, has been telling me she has jested a little with you, as we people of fashion do sometimes without meaning any thing.

BAR. Yes, we people of fashion may jest with each other. I beg my Lady you won't think of it.

EDW. That's right, father, keep it up—don't be bashful.

BAR. Hem.

EDW. *(To Adela.)* Why don't you bounce a little as I do.

AD. I don't mind him a bit, now I have seen him—

BAR. I will go and order the great hall to be got ready, and perhaps I shall make bold to trouble you with a speech on the occasion—come along my Lady *(Adela offers to go first)* you must not go first my Lady—consider my dignity—

Exeunt Baron and Adela following.

EDW.

EDW. I say, Robert, we shall be a match for old
dignity at last. *Exeunt Edward and Robert.*

Scene changes to the front of the Castle.

Enter Lady Eleanor and Sir Palamede.

SIR PAL. We are at length arrived at Oakland
castle, continue your disguise but a little longer.

LADY EL. And do you recommend disguise to
me, you who pretend to be a lover.

AIR. Lady Eleanor.

*Hush, hush, such counsel do not give,
A lover's name prophaning;
And can the heart deceit advise,
Where mighty love is reigning!*

*Diffimulation's path you've trod,
Too oft to go astray,
And while to me you point the road,
Your footsteps mark the way.*

Enter Cicely.

CIC. He's coming—the Baron's coming—muster
up all your gravity, and think of something very
melancholy, or you will certainly laugh; nature and
art have joined in making such an animal of him, he
seems born to be laughed at.

SIR PAL. And is this the representative of our
family? degrading thought, but I must dissemble.

Enter Baron.

BAR. And so you are waiting-woman to Lady
Eleanor De Courcy? *[to Lady El.]*

CIC. Yes, and that is a great favourite with
Lady Eleanor.

C

BAR.

BAR. On my word she must be a great favourite every where, for she is a pretty girl; and is that gentleman a favourite with Lady Eleanor?

CIC. That gentleman is Sir Palamede, the Baron De Courcy's jester.

Sir PAL. She has given me a curious title, but I must carry it on tho'—(aside.)

BAR. Jesting is a pleasant employment, to be sure, but not very profitable—does he never get a stick laid over him in return for his jest? Friend do you never get a bone cracked?

Sir PAL. You mistake us, my Lord, we jesters are privileged people;—we anatomize vice and folly.

BAR. That is, you cut up people, by way of amusement?

Sir PAL. Improvement—satire well applied is the medicine of the mind.

BAR. That may be, but I take no physic;—and the Baron de Courcy pays you for making a jest of him—why faith that is enjoying a jest at his own expence—now considering how good-natured the world is, I should think a man may contrive to get laughed at gratis.

Sir PAL. Your Lordship finds it so, no doubt—now, as a specimen.

AIR. Sir Palamede.

*Tho' time has from your Lordship's face
Made free to steal each youthful grace,*

Yet why should you despair.

Old busts oft please the connoisseurs,

So folks of taste perhaps like yours,

And that removes your care.

'Tis true that silly girls believe

In joys that youth alone can give,

But why should you despair,

'Tis folly governs youth, you know,

And so far young, you soon may grow,

So that removes your care.

Whate'er

*Whate'er your faults, in person, mind—
However gross you chance to find,
Yet why should you despair,
Of flattery you must buy advice,
You're rich enough to pay the price,
So that removes your care.*

BAR. Aye, that's another hit at me—devil fetch him—and I can't resent it—*(aside)* well but, child, as you are an attendant on Lady Eleanor, where have you been all this while?—

CIC. We left our lady on the way.

BAR. She left you on the way, you mean.

Sir PAL. Indeed!

BAR. Yes indeed, Mr. Jesthunter. I am going to give audience to her in due form, and if we want any body to laugh at, we'll send for you—there I have hit him, I think. *Exit Baron.*

Lady EL. What can this mean?—your advice, Palamede.

CIC. You forgot, Madam, that Sir Palamede is a lover, and not calculated to give advice—but if I might deliver my opinion, this is some impostor who has assumed your Ladyship's name—for what purpose, it is necessary we should find out,—let us therefore continue our disguise—meet the mock Lady Eleanor, overwhelm her with respect, and confound her with courtesy.

Sir PAL. Inimitable!

Enter Lewis.

[*Lewis speaks to Sir Palamede.*] The messengers are returned, Sir, and brought these letters. [*To Lady El.*] So, I find, Madam, that your shadow has arrived before you.

Lady EL. Not a word of that—who are these letters from?

LEW. I know no more than your Ladyship, but I should like to know.

C 2

Sir PAL.

Sir PAL. Lady Eleanor, every moment furnishes additional reasons for requesting that you will be guided by Cicely's advice.

Exeunt Lady Eleanor and Sir Palamede.

LEW. There now—what do you think of that?—there they go—as pretty a pair of turtles—Oh Cicely—if you would but take my advice, and have pity on me now in a foreign country—now do, now, pray!

CIC. You may spare your rhetoric—I prize my liberty too much to be talked out of it.—

AIR. Cicely.

What blest hours untainted by sorrow.

Does the maiden prove,

Who knows not love,

She merrily sings through the day,

Dull sorrow shall threaten in vain,

The delight of her heart to restrain,

While from Cupid free,

Blessed in liberty,

Not a sigh she blends with the strain.—

As she gaily carols along,

Let me join sweet freedom's song,

Oh may my heart

Ever bear a part

In the envied jocund lay,

While merrily the happy maid

So blithely sings through the day.

Exeunt.

Scene, a Room in the Castle.

Enter Edward. Solus.

EDW. Where the deuce is Adela—if we can but get married, before she is discovered—why is she absent?—She for whose sake Oakland Castle resounds with jollity 'till its old walls totter again.

AIR.

AIR. Edward.

*Now all in preparation,
For the nuptial celebration,
Each maiden on the occasion,
Feels her heart in palpitation,
Now a blush, and now a sigh,
Trembling too she knows not why ;—
While ev'ry lad with expectation,
Finds his heart beat high.*

[Edward speaks.] I say, Dolly, don't you love me now—lud Ralph, what a fool you are—I declare I'll tell my mother.—

[Sings.] *While swords and shields are clashing,
Archers aiming, cudgels thrashing,
The ale to none denying,
Flaggons far and wide supplying,
With tilting, fencing, wrestlers boasting,
Bonfires blazing, oxen roasting.*

[Speaks again.] Men, women and children scrambling for roast beef—and two men fighting for a rib—ha, ha, ha—one of them was knocked into the dripping pan—

[Sings.] *And all the vassals flock around,
What pleasures now abound.—*

[Speaks again.] Then they are playing at such tunny games, and an old fellow broke his nose playing at leap-frog—and the women laughed—and the girls laughed—ha—ha—

[Sings.] *Now all in preparation,
For the nuptial celebration.*

Enter Adela.

Ad. It's all over, Lady Eleanor's attendants are arrived, and there is an end of our scheme—

EDW. How?

AD. I knew how it would happen.—

EDW. Did you—I wished you had told me so before.—

AD. It was all your scheme.

EDW. No, it was yours.

AD. Did not you propose it first?

EDW. Yes, because I knew you first thought of it.

AD. False ungrateful man, why was I tempted to quit my spinning wheel for fine clothes? which now that I have got them, I do not know how to wear them.

EDW. Why I got you a better situation—you can't deny that I sent you to a relation's house in Suffex, where you had nothing to do all day but learn and read.

AD. So much the worse—improving the mind only makes one lazy—but in my father's cottage industry took up all our time, wealth never came near our door.

EDW. If he had you would have been very glad to let him in.—

AD. No Sir, innocence and happiness were our only guests.

EDW. It is well *they* did not take up much room, or you would not have found room to hold them. I fancy all the spare corners were occupied by birds and beasts.

AD. Well, I own it, we all slept under one roof,—the family, the pigs, and poultry—in harmony, peace, and friendship.

EDW. Except now and then when you eat some of your company for dinner—(*Adela cries*)—What's the matter? What, are you crying in earnest? now how foolish—

AD. You are so ill-natured.

EDW. No, it's *you* that is so ill-natured.

AD. You want to break my heart.

EDW.

EDW. No, I don't want to break your heart. I don't upon my soul.

AD. You do.

Enter Robert.

ROB. Why what's the matter—what signifies quarrelling now.

EDW. 'Tis she.

AD. No, 'tis he.

EDW. No, it an't.

ROB. Come—come be friends I pray—we are all in a pretty hobble to be sure.

AD. Yes, it was you that brought us into it.

EDW. So it was.

AD. I don't think Edward would have thought of it, if you had not put it into his head.—

ROB. Who, I?—'faith you are both very entertaining, so I will leave you to yourselves. (*going.*)

AD. Oh, don't leave us.

EDW. Now don't Robert.

ROB. I'll go and make my peace with the Baron by falling on my knees and asking his pardon.

AD. Had we not better do the same? we are all in the same boat, and if we pull different ways we shall certainly all go to the bottom.

EDW. So, Robert, you shall be our pilot.

ROB. Well, well, we'll e'en meet the old Baron in the hall—how wonderfully does common interest beget friendship. *Exit.*

EDW. Adela you forget we have quarrelled, come kiss and friends. *Exeunt.*

Scene, the Hall of Audience—Chair of State—Servants ranged in form around it.

Enter Palamede, Lady Eleanor, Cicily, Charles, and Lewis.

CIC. Well but Charles how came you from Normandy.

CHAR.

CHAR. Oh, my dear Cicely, assisted by Cupid's wings—come, come, you know as well as I do—more lovers came on board than the Captain knew of.

CIC. I fancy I had better ask no more questions.

SIR PAL. Lewis, are you sure not a whisper has escaped you to discover Lady Eleanor.

LEW. Lord, Sir, I have done nothing but eat and drink since I have been in the castle—I have had no time for talking.

SIR PAL. And our honest guide—

LEW. His time is so divided between hunger and wonder, that he has not time for telling secrets either.

Lady EL. I think I can answer for the secrecy of my attendants.

CIC. You may indeed—I have given the proper orders, and they are prepared to receive the mock Lady Eleanor as respectfully as though she was their real mistress—here she comes, to complete their astonishment!

Enter Edward, Adela, and Robert.

SESTETTO.

Palamede, Cicely, and Lady Eleanor.

*By mutual love delighted,
Here fortune's fav'rites see
In Hymen's bands united
How happy must they be.*

AD. *Whom can they mean?—not me—*

EDW. *Nor me—*

Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you for me—

CHAR. *What a grace—what an air—*

PAL. *A face so fair—*

CIC. & CH. *Born to command—the happy pair—*

PAL. CIC. and Lady EL. *By mutual love delighted,
Here fortune's fav'rites see
In Hymen's, &c.*

EDW.

EDW. *Egad the joke we'll humour*
 AD. *With all my heart, say I,*
 EDW. *Who for success—success can do more,*
I than ev'ry chance to try—
 CH. *Her courage faulders—mark her eyes,*
See from her cheeks the colour flies,
 CIC. *Poor girl I pity her distress,*
Yet mischief says we can't do less—
 ROB. to AD.) *You tremble—courage—come, go on—*
 AD. *Ah! my boasted spirit's gone,*
Alas! why didst thou hapless maid,
By silly vanity betray'd;
Expose thy peace of mind to gain,
A prize thou never can'st obtain.

Palam. Cic. Lady El. Char. and Rob.

Alas! behold the silly maid,
By pride and vanity betray'd,
Expose her peace of mind to gain,
A prize she never can obtain.

Enter Baron and Attendants. The Baron seats himself in the chair, and puts his speech in his hat.

BAR. (*Rising from his seat*) My Lady Eleanor de Courcy—some men—(*looking in his hat*) some men in my situation would make a set speech on the occasion—but I will give you a touch off-hand—I believe all the world will own that—and as for beauty (*looks in his hat*) as for beauty, I say, that speaks for itself, as a body may say—but—(*looks again*) when—I—come—o—mention—the great—honour—(*puts his hat and hands behind his back*) you have done us by this visit (*Robert steals the speech, the Baron looking in the hat continues*) I want—I want words—egad—(*looking in his hat*) I do want words—I say my Lady] your Ladyship—my Lady, I say—I want words—

EDW. If my father had not wanted words my Lady, he would have attempted to express his inexpressible satisfaction—but I believe 'tis just as well as
 it

it is—the less there's said, the more there is to be guessed at.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. (*To the Baron.*) Sir, a gentleman wants to speak with you.

BAR. I will come immediately—Oh (*to Ad.*) I am quite ashamed, my Lady.

AD. Oh, no apology,—your Lordship knows, when a person wants words, 'tis time for him to leave off.

BAR. Oh! I had a deal to say, if I had not lost my speech. *Exit Baron.*

AD. Oh my Edward we are in high luck—I'm sure I don't understand all this.

EDW. Nor I neither—I'll try to find it out, for my part I think we are in a dream.

AD. It's a very pleasant one, and egad I have no mind to be awaked from it.

SESTETTO.

Pal. Lady El. Adel. Rob. Edw. and Char.

*By mutual love delighted,
Here fortune's fav'rites see,
In Hymen's bands united,
How happy they must be.*

Ex. Omn.

Scene, an Antichamber.

Enter the Baron, and De Courcy.

DE COUR. I am here *incog.* and must rely on your friendship to conceal me from my sister's attendants, 'till I revenge myself on Sir Palamede.

BAR. Hang him, an abusive sneering knave—to pass upon me as your father's jester—and my son's rival too—we did not know that—[*a noise of merriment is heard.*]

DE COUR.

De COUR. We must be cautious—what noise is this I hear?

BAR. Only my vassals making merry, on account of the wedding in our family.

De COUR. Let us retire.

BAR. As you please—'tis an act of justice to trounce this Palamede. *Exeunt.*

Scene a hall, many persons assembled sitting round a table drinking—at the farther end of the stage a large fire and an ox roasting—a barrel of beer serving out to the guests.

AIR—Robert.

*Now mighty roast beef is the Englishman's food,
It ennobles our veins, and enriches our blood,
Our soldiers are brave, and our barons are good,
O, the roast beef of old England, &c.*

*Our barons, my boys, are robust and strong,
And keep open house with good cheer all day long,
Which makes their plump tenants rejoice in this song,
O the roast beef, &c.*

ROB. Come my lads and lasses—at this feast every one must contribute to the common stock of merriment, for 'tis all the reckoning we have to pay.

Enter Sir Palamede, Cicely, and Charles.

FINALE.

Lady El. and Cic. *Lowe's sweet voice to Hymen
speaking,
Breathing thro' the dulcet flute,
List'ning joys the accent seeking,
Bids complaining care be mute.*

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*High above dull sorrows level,
Now the tide of joy display,
Love and Hymen bid us revel,
Bid us hail the happy day.*

Pal. *Let the wine's enliv'ning treasure,
Rising kiss the goblet's brim,
'Till we see exulting pleasure
On the smiling surface swim.*

CHORUS.

*High above dull sorrows level,
Now the gen'rous tide display,
'Tis gay Bacchus bids us revel,
Bids us hail this happy day.*

Cic. *While the merry bell resounding,
Shall in pleasure's chorus chime,
From the trembling floor rebounding,
Let the varied dance beat time.
High above, &c. Same as the first Chorus.*

During the Finale a dance by the characters to the music.

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

Scene an Apartment in the Castle.

Enter De Courcy and Charles.

DE COURCY.

YOU say the guards are placed at every avenue of the Castle.

CHAR. My Lord it is impossible for Sir Palamede to escape.

DE COUR. And you observed him this evening?

CHAR. My Lord I did, and while he affected to join in the festivity of the day, he sigh'd so piteously, that I could not help saying, that my Lord would never consent to the death of so brave a gentleman.

DE COUR. Poor Palamede—I pity him—I will seek some converse with him—perhaps he is not so guilty as I imagine—at least let me remember that he is unfortunate.

Exit De Courcy.

CHAR. There spoke the generous spirit of De Courcy.

AIR.

*Whenever true valour can its power display,
There meek-ey'd pity anxious still to bless,
With jealous honour holds divided sway,
And from avenging honour seeks redress.*

D

Near

*Ne'er shall the sword of honour dare invade,
The spell bound spot where pity drops a tear,
For where misfortune casts her sacred shade,
There deepest injury must disappear.* Exit Char.

Enter De Courcy and the Baron.

BAR. Oh my Lord De Courcy, I am glad I have met you, and would you think it, at this very hour, when I thought every one had gone dutifully drunk to bed—egad, the whole village is stirring and brushing up their old swords and bucklers—it is for no good that those rascals are so industrious.

De COUR. Compose yourself, my Lord, you seem alarmed.

BAR. Alarmed! to be sure I am—for though naturally brave as a lion, yet when danger comes suddenly upon me, I am so apt to be rash—I know that Palamede is at the bottom of all this.

De COUR. Perhaps he has heard of my arrival, and finding that he is discovered, means to oppose face to face.

BAR. You have hit it—he has been privately sending and receiving messages all the evening, and is in a continual ebb and flow of mischief.

De COUR. Confusion! he cannot descend so low as to incite the rabble to revolt—but the traitor shall perish—where's my sister?

BAR. Here's my son—he will inform you.

De COUR. I wish myself concealed even from your son.

BAR. As you please—though I cannot see the necessity of that, as he is so soon to be your brother-in-law.

Enter Edward (half drunk.)

EDW. She is there in her room—I took her just now a cup of wine, but she prefers ale—the dear little creature is very fond of ale.

De COUR.

De Cour. Who Sir?—Lady Eleanor!

Edw. Yes, Sir, Lady Eleanor, she that is to be my wife, what do you say to that, Sir?

De Cour. Pardon me, Sir, are you sure of the Lady's affections?

Bar. Aye, Sir, what do you say to that, are you sure she is fond of you?—*(to Edward.)*

Edw. Fond of me—egad that is a good joke—fond of me—but look at me.

De Cour. I believe she was once fond of another—one Sir Palamede.

Edw. I believe not, friend, for the dear little creature never saw Sir Palamede.

De Cour. When you mention that Lady, remember the respect due to her family.

Edw. A fig for her family, she's a little rose-bud which I have gathered to wear next my heart, and the devil may take the rest of the family-tree for me.

Enter Adela.

Edw. Oh! here comes my dear Lady Eleanor.

De Cour. This is some plot of Sir Palamede's!

Bar. Your sister looks as if she did not know you—egad this is another quality joke.

De Cour. He is deceived too.

Bar. I swear now I look, that I perceive a great family likeness between you.

De Cour. My Lord, I perceive that you are imposed upon, but you shall soon be revenged.

Exit De Courcy.

Bar. Imposed upon—Oh! he means they are joking me a little—Oh this is another quality joke—ay, but yet he was very serious—he's a man of quality, and knows all the forms of good behaviour—egad, perhaps I ought to be angry *(advancing to Adela and Edward.)* How dare you?—Odso, if I should be wrong, I think I should go and ask him if I should be in a passion first.

Exit Baron.

Edw. Don't be alarmed, fear nothing.

AD. I can't help it, there's such a deal of whispering among the servants, that I am sure it bodes no good—malice always whispers—depend upon it Edward.

EDW. I'll convince you in a moment that you are wrong—in the first place you say—you say—eh—what the Devil did you say?

AD. Why you know the Lady Eleanor's attendants did call me Lady Eleanor for the joke's sake—and it soon must be found out that I am myself!

EDW. Not very unlikely.

AD. Well, and I am afraid if Lady Eleanor is so handsome as they say she is, and your father should be very pressing—

EDW. You fear I would desert you—

AD. Your deserting me would be called by some other name, now that you are the Baron's son—fine folks have fine names for bad actions, which make them seem like good ones.

EDW. Why look'ee Adela, I was always a thunderer at a fine speech—egad I'm like father for that—but if I thought my being a Lord would make me love you less Adela—the devil take me if I would not rather remain a ploughboy all my life—do you believe me now.

AD. Yes, I do.

AIR—Adela.

*Love from the heart all its dangers concealing,
Reason, they say, the fond spell may remove;
But bliss kindly stealing,*

*Still the delusion so great may I prove.
But should you deceive me, your falsehood perceiving,
Too well do I love you the peril to shun,
Yet should you deceive me, still farther deceiving,
Oh, blinded by hope to the last, lead me on.*

Love from the heart, &c.

Seen

Scene the garden of the Castle—night—the sea at a distance—the moon risen—a light-house, with a large fire on the top—part of the Castle overgrown with ivy—stone steps lead to a door in that part of the Castle.

Enter Lady Eleanor.

Lady EL. Why did I not insist on Sir Palamede's explaining the mystery—dreadful suspense—'tis uncertainty alone that can render misfortunes endurable. Here he comes.

Enter Sir Palamede.

Sir PAL. Welcome, thrice welcome you scenes that remind me of happier days—every step I take—every object I behold—warns me with due excitements to assert my birth—Lady Eleanor!

Lady EL. Oh! Palamede I am uneasy for your sake—tell me, I conjure you, the cause of all this mystery.

Sir PAL. Spare me an explanation of what at present it is improper for you to know—shew me your esteem by confiding in my honour—he who is beloved by you cannot act unworthy.

Lady EL. How you flatter me to bear suspense.

Sir PAL. To-night is the crisis of my fate, and to-morrow's sun shall dispel the cloud of mystery in which it is enveloped.

DUETT.

Lady El.	<i>Dangers unknown impending,</i>
	<i>Doubt multiplies my fears,</i>
Sir Pal.	<i>Laurels my steps attending,</i>
	<i>Shall spring from beauty's tears.</i>

Lady El.	<i>Thus in suspense to lose thee,</i>
Sir Pal.	<i>'Think'st thou I can deceive thee,</i>
Lady El.	<i>To leave thee—</i>
Sir Pal.	<i>To leave thee—</i>

D 3

Both.

Both.

*Say wilt thou still prove true ?
Yes, I will still prove true—
And must we bid adieu ?—*

}

Exit Lady El.

SIR PAL. Cruel concealment—yet it must be so—
—one only have I trusted, and here he is.

Enter Hugo.

HU. My dear Lord William, what pleasure does your old servant take to see you once more in your native land.—Oh my Lord, what strange events have taken place, since the great Baron your father left England.—I long to hear of your adventures in France.

SIR PAL. 'Tis a long story.

HU. So much the better—I love long stories—I tell long stories myself—remembrance forms the old man's banquet, and let the viands be ever so homely, memory cooks them to his taste.

SIR PAL. There is no time for words, Hugo—I must support my claim to the honours of my family, and this hour—

HU. What! my Lord!

SIR PAL. Hear me—I have written to a powerful friend at court, who is in the sovereign's favour. I expect letters from the King, to confirm me in my claim; in the mean time my zealous friend advises me to surprize the Castle, and to mar all the resistance that might be offered to the king's commands.

HU. My Lord I will fight for you—but here are but two of us.

SIR PAL. I shall not need your assistance—a guard of one hundred men has been sent by my friend, who this evening arrived in the village—the news of my return is received by my vassals with joy, and they are now arming in my cause.

HU. I'll go and put on my armour.

SIR PAL. 'Tis not yet time—the tolling of the curfew will inform us when all is ready.—Was not my

my father's armour kept in that tower? (*pointing towards it.*)

HU. In that very apartment over the wine-cellar.

Sir PAL. Has it ever been removed?

HU. No—I'll answer for it—no soul has entered that apartment these ten years—I have kept the key of the door that leads into the private passage through the gallery.

Sir PAL. Let me have it—(*Hu. gives the key*) now let's be gone.

HU. My Lord, I will go with you to that battle, but not to that chamber.

Sir PAL. Why not?

HU. Oh, my Lord, I tremble at the thought—strange noises have been heard there, and strange lights seen—in short, my Lord, 'tis haunted—don't be rash—(*a light appears at one of the windows of the tower.*)

Sir PAL. By Heaven a light appears in the casement—I hear voices—wait here, Hugo, but beware that your fears don't betray me.

HU. My Lord—my dear Lord—do not leave me here alone—(*Salamede goes into the tower*)—he's gone—Oh that cursed haunted chamber—I cannot bear to stand near it—I find the best way to preserve my courage, is to carry it off with me. *Exit.*

Enter Baron.

BAR. Sure that was Hugo—and with his sword drawn—Oh I dare say he's in the plot—Oh Lord, here's the ghost playing his illumination tricks in the Haunted Tower—Oh, how I long to attack that old rogue Hugo, because I think I could beat him—but I dare not because I am alone—my valour is of a companionable nature, and can't bear solitude—courage with us is something like a vine—to procure good fruit, it must be well supported—what's that?—some one coming out of the wine-cellar. (*he retires*) I shall make some discoveries.

Enter

Enter Robert and Martin, from the wine-cellar.

[The wine cellar is under the Haunted Tower.]

ROB. Now, I have made you, Martin, free of the cellar.

MART. Give me your hand, I should like to live and die in your company, of all inventions, nothing in my mind is like good eating and drinking.

ROB. For that I'll match all Kent, I know too well the duty of a diligent butler to suffer my master to taste any wine, 'till I have first approved of it.

BAR. *(Aside.)* Oh the villain.

MART. That's right, give me your hand again—you are a happy dog, to have the command of so noble a wine-cellar as this, where you drink as you please.—

ROB. There I sit absolute monarch of the casters and bottles.

BAR. *(Aside.)* Oh you rascals, but I'll prevent you.
Exit Baron into the wine cellar.

Enter a Servant.

ROB. Can you find our friend Lewis.

SERV. No.

MART. Oh I dare say he has got drunk somewhere.

ROB. Let's go and look for him—in the mean time to prevent accidents, I'll lock the cellar—and then we'll meet him, and return and finish the bottle—*(locks the cellar.)*

MART. Ah whatever you do, take care of the wine-cellar.
Exit Mart. Rob. and Serv.

Scene changes to a Room in the Castle.

Enter Lady Eleanor, and Cicely.

LADY EL. Well, Cicely, is the mock Lady Eleanor coming?—yet how can I trifle, while poor Palamede's fate is in suspense.

CIC.

Cic. I'll go and see.

Exit Cic.

AIR. Lady Eleanor.

*Dread parent of despair,
Thou tyrant of my mind,
Who ling'ring seem'st to spare,
To point the worst behind.*

*At once complete my woe,
Display thy ills in store,
Ah quickly strike the blow
'Tis all that I implore.*

Re-enter Cicely.

Cic. Ah madam, what a misfortune 'tis to be of a good family—thank Heaven, I who have no noble blood in my veins, have the dearest of all privileges, that of chusing a husband for myself.

AIR. Cicely.

*From high birth, and all its fetters,
My kind stars my lot remove,
I shall envy not my betters,
Give me but the youth I love.*

*Love's the riches of the poor,
A prize that wealth can ne'er procure,
My rich mistress fain would be,
Just as poor as Cicely.*

From high birth, &c.

Lady EL. O here she comes.

Enter Adela and Robert.

AD. It's true, indeed, these waiting-maids pester me with questions—they'll certainly find me out—here they are again (*To Lady El. and Cic.*)

Cic.

Cic. Now, madam, we shall throw her off her guard, and gratify our curiosity.

Lady EL. I own I long to do it, but I think she looks as if she would beat me—and would your Ladyship wish to go to bed?

Ad. No, my Ladyship does not wish to go to bed.

Lady EL. Madam, it's my duty to wait on your Ladyship.

Ad. Wait in another room then.

Rob. Ay, wait in another room.

Lady EL. Forgive me, madam, if I—

Ad. No, I will not forgive you—I have no further occasion for you—I discharge you my service—I can't bear it.

DUETT. Lady Eleanor and Adela.

Ad. Begone—I discharge you—away from my sight—
In my presence appear never after this night,

Lady EL. Your Ladyship's orders with grief I obey,
Yet e'er I depart, a few words may I say.

Ad. I'll try to keep my passion under,
And treat the flirt with silent scorn,
You are too poor to move my rage—

Lady EL. Prithee now this wrath assuage.

Ad. How the saucy creature stares,
Tell me, madam, why those airs.

Both. Tho' pride and folly should intrude,
They can't good breeding pain,
Their silly jests so bold and rude,
Raise laughter and disdain—
Of rank and education
What wretched imitation—
Contempt must surely fall on you—
You vain—what shall I call you?
Thou art at scolding so alert—
'I fancy now she's really hurt.

Exeunt Cic. Lady El. Adel. and Rob.
Scene

*Scene the inside of the Haunted Tower—stage darkened
—an antique lamp burning.*

Enter Sir Palamede.

Sir PAL. At length all is hushed—now to the object of my search—(*opens the closet door, and discovers his father's armour—the armour is so disposed as to appear like a statue; in one hand a truncheon, in the other an ancient warlike weapon a kind of quarter-staff*)—why fortune I thank thee—sacred to the defence of a just cause—the shield of the father shall protect the son, fighting for the right of an illustrious family.

AIR.

*Spirit of my sainted fire,
With success my soul inspire;
Deeds of glory done by thee,
In mem'ry's mirror now I see.*

*Let the great example raise,
Valour's purest, brightest blaze,
Till the prowess of my arm
The eye of fickle conquest charm,
And fame shall, when the battle's won,
Declare that I am all thy son.*

[Runs and seizes the quarter-staff and takes it from the hand of the armour.]

*Spirit of my sainted fire
With success my soul inspire,
The inspiration now I feel,
The ardent glow of patriot zeal,
Brighter prospects now arise,
The voice of conquest rends the skies.*

Exit into the closet.

Enter Robert, Lewis and Martin.

ROB. Well, Lewis, since we have met with you at last, we'll give you a specimen of English hospitality

hospitality—we have plenty of wine in the cellar underneath, and egad we'll make a night of it.

LEW. With all my heart, nothing recommends a house to me so much as good liquor, I like to drink, if it was only for the pleasure of shewing you how much I like your company.

MART. Master Robert, you have not told me the story of the Haunted Tower.

LEW. What Haunted Tower?

ROB. Ah! my boys, I haunt it every night, this room being over a private passage that leads to the wine-cellar—I thought it would be a convenient place to entertain a friend—now it was a favourite room of the late Baron's, who died abroad, so I trumped up a story that it was haunted by the ghost—and persuaded the old blockhead, my master, to shut up the room.

LEW. How the devil did you get into it?

ROB. I found a key of the door that leads from the stair-case into the garden, by which we entered.

MART. Ay—but that was not the way by which we went out just now.

ROB. No—as the entrance from the garden is liable to be discovered, I generally prefer coming up by the *trap-door*, as it is not so liable to observation—and so ends the story of the Haunted Tower.

LEW. I am very glad the story is finished—you must be dry with talking so long—what have you got?

ROB. Come here—here's some of the best wine in Christendom, and what is more, the best ale too—which is to me the first of all liquors. (*Robert brings in a round table and three stools, with ale, &c. and a bottle on the table.*)

LEW. Ale too—I like ale.

ROB. That scurvy old knave, my master, who I dare say is in bed by this time, little thinks what honour we are doing to his cellar. Come lads, here's to you.

CATCH.

CATCH.

Robert, Martin, and Lewis.

*As now we're met,
A jolly set,
A fig for sack or sherry,
Our ale we'll drink,
And our canns we'll chink,
And we'll be wondrous merry.*

ROB. Come, my lads, drink about.

Sing " And we'll be wondrous merry."

PAL. From the closet sings, "*And we'll be wondrous merry.*"

ROB. What the devil is that?

LEW. Why, an echo, I suppose.

ROB. An echo!—I never heard one before!

MART. Oh mercy—mercy!—did not you tell me this room was haunted?

LEW. Haunted! egad, if it be haunted, it is by a jolly ghost—so here's to the ghost—(*sings*)—" *And we'll be wondrous merry.*"

PAL. "*And we'll be wondrous merry.*" [*within.*]

ROB. What think you now?—(*a noise is heard in the cellar.*)

LEW. There's a damned noise in the cellar.—
[*The Baron ascends through the trap-door.*]

BAR. (*When half way up.*) Pray gentlemen don't let me distress you. (*comes up*) I beg you will continue to make free with my property;—honest Robert, my Butler, sets you a good example;—upon my word, this is a good room to be haunted—the ghost has a fine choice—but I did not know your spirits were such consumers of ale and wine—(*a knocking at the door*) who is that, Robert?—what! not a word! some friends of your's, gentlemen.—

E

MART

MART. Yes—it is Robert, my Lord, that is bringing us some supper.

BAR. Give me leave to be your porter (*opens the door*) come in—here are none but friends—(*Hubert brings in some supper*) come, sit down and eat heartily, I insist upon it.

LEW. I am much obliged to your Lordship, but I an't hungry now.

ROB. If your Lordship would but hear me.—

BAR. Hear you! Oh! with a great deal of pleasure, *honest* Robert—I was but ill situated in the cellar to hear the catch, you sung just now—favour me with it again.—Rogues—thieves—rascals—whose only sign of conscience is being afraid of their own conscience—where's the echo you conjured up;—you're afraid of spirits, are you?—

ROB. Indeed, my Lord, we heard an echo.

BAR. Did you?—then let *me* hear it too—I'll shew you an example of resolution, you rascallions—come, sing for the echo.

ROB. Mark, my Lord—“ *And we'll be wondrous, &c.* ”

PAL. “ *And we'll be wondrous, &c.*—(*Imitating.*) ”

BAR. Egad, it is an odd kind of echo.

LEW. My Lord, suppose you was to speak to it—but speak civilly.

BAR. Oh! I dare say he will have a respect for my dignity—what, are you a ghost or spirit.

PAL. (*Imitating.*) Ghost or spirit,—

BAR. The devil you are—do you hear he owns it—but don't be afraid! (*the curfew tolls*) Oh! Lord—Oh! what o'clock is it—what does the curfew toll for at this hour? Robert (*tremblingly*) have you seen any thing? (*to Martin*) you look very pale—mind you don't believe in spirits, do you?

HU. (*From without.*) My dear Lord William:

ROB. Hark, my Lord, there's a voice. (*Here the closet door opens, Palamede dressed in the armour, marches in a slow pace to the door, turns round, and waves*

waves his head at the Baron, then goes out. Trumpets sound at a distance.)

BAR. Why don't you speak to it—Oh dear! I am a lost man—'tis the old Baron's ghost—I remember his name was William—I knew him by his shield—and have seen him wear that helmet a thousand times. *(Drums beat.)*

LEW. *(Looking out at the door.)* More miracles, my Lord, the spirit has met some armed men—they are fighting!—that's right—down with him;—damme, they have killed the ghost.

BAR. Huzza—good news, my boys—come, follow me—Robert go first—no, come back—we'd better all go together.

ROB. Your Lordship must go first.

BAR. Oh! never mind my dignity.

Exeunt—each endeavouring to be bindoast.

Scene, a Room.

Enter Edward and Adela.

AD. Oh, my dear Edward, it was an unlucky day for us when I pretended to be a fine Lady—we have had nothing but unlucky days since.

Enter Baron, with his armour half on.

BAR. Oh dear! Oh dear! they are at it! thirty thousand strong at least—men, women, and children—Lady Eleanor why don't you order your men to fight.

AD. Do you think they'll kill me?

BAR. Oh yes, we have no time to be frightened—why don't you make your people fight.

Enter Lady Eleanor, richly dressed.

Lady EL. For shame, the soldiers call on you

to head them—there's not a moment to be lost—
where's my brother?

BAR. Your brother—Oh! they are thirty thousand strong.

Lady EL. I mean the Lord de Courcy.

Exit Lady El.

BAR. Your brother—an't you the Lady Eleanor? *(to Ad.)*

AD. No, I an't indeed.

BAR. The devil you an't.

AD. I told you it would come to this.

Enter Servant.

SERV. My Lord, they are forcing the castle.

BAR. Oh! Lord! I shall die of a fright, and never live to be killed.

Scene, a magnificent Hall.

Enter Edward and Adela.

EDW. Ah, they have scaled the castle walls, and we shall all be put to the sword.

Enter Sir Palamede, and De Courcy.

De COUR. Once more, my friend, let me congratulate you on your success.

Enter the Baron guarded,

BAR. I agree to every thing, I will sign any thing in the world.

Enter Lady Eleanor, (She embraces her brother.)

De COUR. My father contracted you, my Lady Eleanor, to the young Baron of Oakland, I present him

him to you [*presents Sir Palamede.*] I judged him my enemy 'till I knew him, 'tis now my pride to call him my friend.

Sir PAL. This is a more valuable gift than the life you gave me ; when, overpowered, I was thrown down in the garden by your soldiers, you came and rescued me.

AD. Begging your pardon, Sir, an't you the ghost we heard was killed ?

BAR. And an't you the sham Lady Eleanor? Now I'm out of danger, I can be in a passion.

Sir PAL. [*To the Baron.*] You, Sir, have a right to an explanation—I scorn to owe my title to force—I am confirmed in my claim by my sovereign—nevertheless I shall be always ambitious to prove myself your friend.

BAR. It's an ambition I shall be very fond of gratifying you in.

Sir PAL. As to this young couple [*to Edw. and Ad*] I hope you will add to their store of Hymen's comforts.

EDW. Thank you my Lord—I begin to be much less inclined to nobility from the bustle I have seen this evening—and I would fain put up with the old remark—that a title cannot confer happiness.

AD. Ay, but it may though—my happiness cannot be complete without a title to which I resign every other, and that is, to be the wife of my Edward.

EDW. Good God !

Lady EL. My fluttering heart cannot [*to Sir Palamede*] express its joy at your triumph.

Sir PAL. A triumph crowned with the possession of that heart which now approves.

FINALE

FINALE.

CHORUS:

*The banish'd ills of heretofore,
At happy distance viewing,
Of the past we'll think no more,
While future bliss pursuing;
When engag'd in pleasure's chace,
Never look behind you,
Back if you should turn your face,
Misfortune's dust may blind you.*

Sir Palamede and Lady Eleanor.

*Here let the titled wedded pair,
A lesson take from humble life,
Nor in the lady and the lord,
Forget the husband and the wife;—
Ne'er shall th' example us reprove,
Whose proudest boast shall be our love.*

SESTETTO.

*The present hour is ever ready,
To assume a smiling face,
If to wisdom's counsel steady,
Pleasure's precepts you embrace.'*

Edw. *Tho' no more I am a lord,
Give my love but this reward,
Rank and title I forego,*

Ad. *No, my Edward, say not so.*
Chorus. *The banish'd ills, &c. &c.*

Exeunt Omnes;

F I N I S.

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